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04x13 - Proposal of Two Kinds

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04x13 - Proposal of Two Kinds

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **07/23/04 05:19**

[Brian sneakes his way past "sleeping" Justin. Justin hastily dresses and, in a noirishly shot scene, follows his elusive quarry through a dark and foggy alley to his covert destination. Brian is going to the friggin' gym. Justin finds him pedaling away in the empty spinning room.]

Justin: Nice night for a ride!

Brian: The f*ck you doing here?

Justin: Following you to see where you've been going for the last three weeks.

Brian: Now you know! Now you can go back home and go to bed.

Justin: Do you know what time it is?

Brian: Little hand's on the two, the big hand's on the three - quarter after two?

Justin: Why are you doing this?

Brian: Gotta get in shape.

Justin: For what?

Brian: The Liberty Ride.

Justin: You're not still thinking of going.

Brian: Because you and the rest of them disqualified me, doesn't mean that I did.

Justin: We're just concerned.

Brian: There are so many poor starving children who go to bed hungry every night. Be concerned about them.

Justin: So why the secrecy?

Brian: Because I don't want people like you saying, "You can't! You musn't!" I don't want every cunty f*gg*t who goes to the gym saying, (in falsetto) "Poor Kinney! Told ya so!"

Justin: I have to hand it to you. Your perseverance is surpassed only by your narcissism.

Brian: There you have it. The secret to my success. Unless I'm proven wrong by the naysayers and I fail dismally.

Justin: Oh, you're not gonna fail, dismally or otherwise. You're gonna be a big, fat f*cking success as always. We're gonna go on the ride together and at night, we'll pitch a tent and we'll have hot, passionate sex under the stars.

Brian: What the f*ck are you doing?

Justin: I've heard that when achieving your goal, it's best to visualize it.

[Brian leans in for a kiss. As Justin climbs up on the handlebars, it seems very likely that Bicycle!sex is in the offing.]

[Michael, Ben, Hunter and Ted with the cycling instructor.]

Instructor: C'mon, give all what you've got. Three, Two, One and set. Cool down.

Ben: I'd say we're in great shape for the ride, wouldn't you?

Michael: Provided my a*s holds out.

Ben: I've never known it to fail.

Michael: You've never ridden it for 350 miles.

Hunter: Maybe you can get an extended warranty since it's no longer new.

Michael: A deep-fat-fried victory dinner says you'll be seeing it cross the finish line ahead of yours.

Ben: This is a race. Anyone who rides is a winner.

[Meanwhile, Ted overhears a couple of guys in the spin class.]

Guy #1: A friend of mine went on a ride last year. He said at night the showers get really steamy. And he wasn't talking about the water.

Guy #2: Bringing anything with you that starts with a C?

Guy #1: You mean my vitamins? You know me! Never leave home without them!

[In the next scene, the frumpy GLC couple pay a visit to Melanie. Melanie seems glad to see them.]

Tannis: We're giving the riders a big send-off before they leave. I've prepared a speech expressing the Center's gratitude.

Philip: A banner, a band, drag queen cheerleaders!

Mel: Sounds great! I wish I could be there.

Philip: Us too. Considering all the work you've done.

Mel: I'm not supposed to leave my g*dd*mn bed. Doctor's orders.

Tannis: If it were me I'd be going stir-crazy.

Philip: Not me! I'd fluff up my pillows, eat bon-bons and watch Oprah!

[Enter Lindsay.]

Lindsay: Hey! Can I get anyone a drink?

Tannis: Thanks, Lindz. We were just leaving.

Philip: Now remember what the doctor said. And stay put! (To Lindz) Bye.

[Mel picks up some mail from the bed.]

Lindsay: I think I'll take Gus to the park. He could use some fresh air and so could I.

Mel: I know the feeling.

Lindsay: Will you be alright?

Mel: Fine, thank you. Before you go, could you bring me some tea and maybe some peach yogurt and a couple of cookies? And go upstairs and get me my maroon cardigan? I'm a little chilly.

Lindsay: (looking pissed) Anything else?

Mel: Another blanket and a firmer pillow and as long as you're out I need another roll of stamps, as well as these things from the pharmacy.

[She's looking at a angry Lindsay.]

Mel: I'm not allowed to move. What the hell else am I supposed to do?

Lindsay: You might trying saying please and stop treating me like the hired help. Which might not actually be so bad. At least I'd get paid!

Mel: Sorry. But it's your child, too!

Lindsay: That still doesn't give you the right to order me around!

Mel: I wasn't ordering you! You have a hell of a nerve talking to me about rights. You had no right -

Lindsay: Okay! Okay. I'll do anything you want. But let's stop this right now!

[Next up: a speakerphone conversation between Brett Keller and Michael and Justin. Michael and Justin are in the comic store.]

Brett: Well, before they give us the green light, they want to see what they're buying and how much it'll cost them, which'll be plenty by the time I'm through. So I'd like one of you to be here to help me convince them why we have to be true to the original vision.

Michael: Sure, Brett. Which one of us do you want?

Brett: Probably Justin. No offense, Mike. The studio execs understand pictures more than words.

Michael: Whatever's good for the project.

Brett: Justin?

Justin: When would it happen?

Brett: This Thursday.

Justin: (quietly, to Michael) What about the Liberty Ride?

Brett: I can't hear you. You're breaking up.

Michael: Nothing, Brett. He'll be there.

Brett: Great. I'll have my assistant send you an E-ticket and you can stay in my guest house. That's my other line. Gotta go.

Michael: Can you believe it? You're going to LA!

Justin: But I made a commitment. I have sponsors. I raised money.

Michael: If the movie gets made, you can give 'em a million bucks! (Horvath comes in) Hey, Carl. Looking for some superheroes to help you fight crime?

Carl: Actually, I'm looking for you. Will you excuse us, Justin?

Justin: Yeah, sure. See ya.

[Justin leaves.]

Michael: Buy some sunblock. Mind if I eat my lunch while you interrogate me?

Carl: Be my guest.

Michael: You want some?

Carl: (declines) Thanks. My stomach's been acting a little funny.

Michael: Something wrong?

Carl: It's your mother.

Michael: I realize she can be a little spicy, but I've never known her to cause indigestion.

Carl: As you know, we've been seeing each other a lot lately.

Michael: I know. I think it's great.

Carl: But it can't go on this way.

Michael: Suddenly, I'm not feeling so good myself.

Carl: No, it's nothing like that. What I'm trying to say is, I need someone in my life who'll make me laugh, who'll make me feel good.

Michael: I'm already taken, Carl.

Carl: That's why I want to marry your mother. As soon as you say "You may," I want her to say, "I do."

Michael: That's a big request. Normally I ask for personal references and W-2 forms for the last three years and an arrest report, but in your case I only have one question. Do you promise you'll be good to her?

Carl: I give you my word.

Michael: Then the answer is, "You may."

[Cut to Lindz and Brian at Gus's day care center.]

Lindsay: I'm like her emotional punching bag. She pounds away at me all day and I just stand there and take it!

Brian: That doesn't sound like old k*ller Muldoon to me!

[He gives her a playful biff to the chops.]

Lindsay: I have no choice. Her doctor says she has to stay in bed. No stress.

Brian: So now you have to serve in silence like that muncher in the military, Greta Camembert.

Lindsay: Margaret Cammermeyer. And I don't know how much longer I can put up with it!

Brian: Well, then don't.

Lindsay: But it's my fault. I'm the one to blame.

Brian: So therefore you're beating yourself up. Or rather, letting Melanie do it for you.

Lindsay: Old fashioned as it may seem, I still believe in loyalty over betrayal. Self-control over self-indulgence. Even if I fail to live up to my own expectation.

Brian: Tell her that.

Lindsay: She refuses to listen. She thinks that because I f*cked Sam, I'm no longer a l*sbian.

Brian: Well, you know what a stickler for detail she is!

Lindsay: Brian, please!

Brian: What do you want me to say? If it's over, get the hell out.

Lindsay: It's not that simple. What about Gus? And the one on the way?

Brian: Staying together for the sake of the children is a f*cking poor excuse. I gladly offer myself as Exhibit A.

[Gus comes running up.]

Brian: Hey, Sonnyboy. C'mere.

[He lifts Gus up onto his lap.]

[Cut to Deb and Horvath. She's packing for Toronto. He's trying to propose.]

Debbie: Undies, sweaters - could you hold these for me for a minute? Thanks.

[She thrusts a pile of clothes into his arms.]

Carl: Debbie, I -

Debbie: Carl, you don't have to say it. I know we were supposed to be going to St. Pete's for a few days, but hell, the ride is for the hospice. How could I not do my bit and volunteer?

Carl: You got a big heart. That's why I love you.

Debbie: Besides, it'll still be there. We'll go on our honeymoon.

Carl: What?

Debbie: Ha! I'm joking. Honeymoon? Us? So you, uh, you wanted to tell me something. Go ahead. I'm all ears.

Carl: Debbie, honey -

[The doorbell rings.]

Debbie: f*ck! I need earmuffs. It's supposed to be colder than a witch's tit in Canada. So go ahead honey. What is it you wanted to say?

Carl: Be sure to bundle up.

[They hug. The doorbell rings again. Emmett runs out of his room to answer.]

Emmett: Keep packing, Deb. Or whatever it is you're doing there. I'll get it.

[It's Ted.]

Emmett: Teddy!

Ted: Hey, Em. I have something for you.

Emmett: So where is he?

Ted: Sorry, nothing like that. It's just this. The $5,000 I owe you for covering for me that time I 'borrowed' from Gus's college fund.

Emmett: Thank you, Teddy.

Ted: I'm sure you can use it.

Emmett: Not only for that. I mean for keeping your word, for following through. You've come a long way.

Ted: I guess I have.

Emmett: And now you're about to go even further, huh? This time on a bike?

Ted: Uh, actually, I've changed my mind. I'm not going.

Emmett: What?

Ted: Yeah, I'm up to my garbanzos in work. I can't leave Brian with everything and I just got these new plants and they're at that critical phase where if you don't watch 'em, they could go into shock.

Emmett: I'm the one who's in shock. You've been training for weeks.

Ted: It's only a bike ride. Besides, I've got my meetings, my groups, and -

Emmett: Can't you skip 'em for a few days?

Ted: No, they're what's got me through these past few months. I mean, they've been my support system. On the ride, I'd be on my own. Say there's a trigger. That I see guys doing drugs, that I'm tempted - where can I go? Who can I call? I can't take a chance of that happening, of being that person again.

[He leaves.]

[At the Novotny-Bruckner apartment, Hunter watches Ben tune up his bike.]

Ben: Gears lubed up, seat nice and tight.

Hunter: I'm gonna ride it, not f*ck it.

[Mikey comes home with bags of groceries.]

Michael: Wow! That is one cool bike!

Ben: Yep! Thought he needed a new one for the Liberty Ride.

Hunter: Can I take it out for a spin? Please, Dad, please?

Ben: Sure, son!

Michael: Just don't be late for dinner! I'm making your favorite, blueberry crumble.

[Exit Hunter.]

Ben: So. How were things at work, dear?

Michael: Let's see. (They kiss). I finished the latest adventure of Rage, made $600 bucks in sales on the website. Oh, and Carl Horvath wants to marry my mother.

Ben: What?

Michael: He actually asked me for her hand.

Ben: So give it to him?

Michael: Every last digit. After all, that's what two people do when they love each other, right? Get married?

[Ben smiles quizzically.]

[Brian comes home to find that Justin has pitched a tent on the bed.]

Brian: What the f*ck's all this?

Justin: Just making sure we have everything we need for the ride. (He reads from a checklist). Tent, sleeping bags, first aid kit, tool kit, rain gear, two sets of warm clothes, one dildo -

Brian: You certainly thought of everything, but why do you need a tent if you're gonna be staying in a mansion?

Justin: Hm?

Brian: Michael told me you're winging to the coast tomorrow to huddle with studio heads.

Justin: I never said I was going.

Brian: He seems to think that you are.

Justin: Well, I'm not. We're going on the ride together, as planned.

Brian: Unfortunately, there's been a slight change of plans. I'm not going.

Justin: Why the f*ck not?

Brian: Because you're right. I'm not in good enough shape.

Justin: I saw you cycling.

Brian: Yeah, and after 30 miles, I was winded. On the ride, we're gonna have to do 80 to 100 miles a day. Maybe more. There's no way I could make it.

Justin: That is bullshit. You're just saying that to get me to go to Hollywood.

[Brian shrugs.]

Brian: Go on the ride without me. Sacrifice your future. That's what I call charity.

[He gets in the shower.]

[Michael stops by to give Melanie and Lindsay all possible cellphone numbers in case the accursed event happens while he's on the accursed ride.]

Michael: Here is my cell phone number. And here's Ben's cell phone number. Here is Hunter's cell phone number. And here's the number for our hotel in Toronto.

Mel: I'll be too busy calling you to give birth.

Michael: Maybe I shouldn't go.

Lindsay: Michael! The baby's not due for weeks.

Michael: In case something happens.

Mel: Nothing's going to happen, believe me. I'll be screaming from boredom long before I'll be screaming from labor.

Lindsay: Go! And have a good time! It'll be an amazing adventure.

Mel: I just wish I could be there to see you guys off.

Michael: You stay right here. Remember, if you need to get ahold of me -

Lindsay: We know, Michael, we know.

[They kiss him goodbye and send him on his way.]

Mel: Would you get the f*ck out of here?

Lindsay: We love you.

Mel: We love you.

Michael: He's a lucky kid, coming into such a warm and loving home.

[Exit Michael.]

[At the diner, Deb is taking inventory of sandwiches for the ride.]

Debbie: - fifty roast beef -

Emmett: Roast beef's Teddy's favorite. Better make that 49.

Debbie: It's a damn shame he decided not to go. It'd be good for him. Give him a victory, some self-esteem.

Emmett: He's too afraid to leave his meetings and groups, you know, that without his support system he'll slip. He's as addicted to them as he was to the crystal meth.

Debbie: Well, at least it's a healthy addiction. Too bad he can't take his support system with him.

[Carl comes in the diner and Deb goes all teenager on him.]

Debbie: (squealing) Carl! Honey, hi! Can I interest you in a box lunch? It's for the bus trip to Toronto, but I got an extra!

Carl: Thanks - I already ate.

Debbie: You wanna lend a hand? Em! Give Carl some fruit. Show him how it's done.

Emmett: You take an apple or an orange. You drop it into the box. Comme ca. Then you move onto the next. Got it?

Carl: Thanks for the training. Deb, could you stop for a second, honey?

Debbie: Carl, I'm up to my a*s in hard-boiled eggs, you mind if we talk later?

Carl: Sure, no hurry. We'll talk when you get back.

[He kisses her and leaves.]

Debbie: Bye, honeeee!

[Ted is talking to his p*ssy.]

Ted: Lupe! Lupeeee...

[Emmett knocks on the door.]

Ted: Come in! Lupe... C'mon, hon...

Emmett: Who are you talking to?

Ted: Lupe.

Emmett: Your cleaning lady's never gonna come out if you talk to her like that.

Ted: Lupe's my cat.

Emmett: You got a cat?

Ted: Yeah, I thought it'd be nice to have something warm and purring to come home to.

Emmett: Ain't that the truth.

Ted: The minute I brought her in, she ran straight for the bedroom.

Emmett: A feline after my own heart.

Ted: And how she's hiding in the closet.

Emmett: She'll come out in her own time, just like the rest of us. Meanwhile, come concentrate on my crass consumerism!

[Emmett skips into the living room.]

Emmett: Spandex, as far as the eye can see! In every color of the rainbow. A different ensemble for every day of the Liberty Ride.

Ted: It's very thoughtful of you, Em, not to mention extravagant. But I already told you I'm not going.

Emmett: Who said it's for you?

Ted: Who else?

Emmett: Me! I decided to go!

Ted: I thought you said you were too busy working!

Emmett: The Bushes will have to plan their next state dinner without me.

Ted: That you didn't have the money for the registration fee.

Emmett: A very good friend just paid me back.

Ted: That you were afraid of being eaten by a bear.

Emmett: At least the kind that live in the wilds of Canada. But I'm willing to confront my darkest fears for a worthy case, such as helping a friend. Being his support system. Seeing him through every crisis, great or small.

Ted: You'd really do that for me?

Emmett: I believe in you, Teddy, despite everything. I want you to succeed. I think I'll save the tangerine for the finish line.

[It's the big Liberty Ride send-off. GLC woman, Tannis, makes her speech. GLC Philip stand by hger side.]

Tannis: The Center wish each and every of you all luck and thanks for the benefit for the Liberty House Hospice.

Philip: We wish you all a great journey up to Toronto. And a safe ride back to Pittsburgh. It'll be the adventure of the life-time!

[All cheers. Deb hands out box lunches...]

Deb: There you go, honey. That's salami. I'm so proud of you for doin' this. Have a good time.

[The Novotny-Bruckner unload their bikes.]

Ben: All set. We're get onboard.

Hunter: I'll get the last row of seats. The guys there give a great blowjob.

Michael: Ah, the good old days of junior high.

[Brian shows up.]

Brian: Well, if it isn't Papa Bear and Momma Bear and Baby Bear!

Michael: Brian!

Brian: Just thought I'd stop by to remind you to wear your helmets, stay on the right and be sure to use your hand gestures.

Michael: Thanks for all the motherly advice, but my mother's going with me. I'm sorry you're not.

Mel: Have a great trip, you guys!

Brian: Mel! What a surprise! I heard you'd been spending most of your time in bed.

Mel: Living the life of Brian?

Michael: What are you doing here? You know you're not supposed - are you out of your -

Mel: No I'm not out of my. I just came down to see you off. So stop worrying. I'm fine.

Michael: Just don't let my mom see you! You know how hysterical she gets.

Mel: Your mom! Right!

[Emmett is looking for Ted. Will Ted make the ride? Deb gives Emmett a box lunch.]

Debbie: We have just enough lunches. I guess he's not coming.

Emmett: I thought I convinced him to change his mind.

Debbie: Michael! Get your asses on board, you guys, c'mon! Save me a seat.

[Michael, Ben and Hunter get on the bus. Still no sign of Ted. Emmett gets on the bus. Then Horvath comes chugging up.]

Carl: Debbie!

Debbie: Carl! Sweetie, you came down here? I told you you didn't have to do that!

Carl: Yes, I did. I couldn't leave without telling you -

[Mikey sticks his head out.]

Michael: Ma, would you get on the bus?

Debbie: I gotta go. I'll call you when I get there.

[She kisses him and gets on the bus. The doors close.]

Carl: Debbie, wait just a g*dd*mn minute! I've been trying to ask you for the last two days - will you marry me?

[The doors open.]

Debbie: What?

Carl: I said marry me!

[She gawks at him.]

Carl: Will you marry me?

[Ben and Mikey stick their heads out the window.]

Michael: Tell him yes and get on the bus!

Debbie: Yes!

[He gives her the ring.]

Debbie: f*ck!

[He gives her a big ole kiss. Deb says bye. The bus applauds. A cab pulls up with Ted in it. The bus are leaving]

Ted: sh*t! Hey! HEY!

[Emmett see's him.]

Emmett: Stop the bus. Stop the f*cking bus!

[The bus stops appruptly.]

Ted: I made it!

Emmett: Knew you would.

[Mel comes home to a furious Lindsay.]

Lindsay: Where the f*ck have you been? I come home, you're not here. I look everywhere, frantic. I was about to call the hospital, the police, the morgue - ! I thought something terrible had happened.

Mel: Will you calm down?

Lindsay: No, I will not calm down. You scared the sh*t out of me.

Mel: Sorry.

Lindsay: I can tell!

Mel: I went to the Liberty Ride send-off.

Lindsay: Why did you do that? After everyone told you? To spite me?

Mel: That's right, honey. Make it all about you, as usual. You're the one who has a right to be angry, to be indignant, to feel betrayed. Well, guess what, my shiksa goddess!

Lindsay: Don't call me that!

Mel: This time it isn't about you. It's about me. I went out because if I stayed in this house another minute with you, I'd go out of my f*cking MIND! So I left out for ten minutes. Okay, half hour tops. Went over to Liberty Avenue, said my goodbyes and drove back. And look - here I am. Miracle of miracles, alive and still in one piece.

Lindsay: We can't go on doing the all-female version of Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? It's just too exhausting. You can't forgive me no matter how much I apologize and try to make it up to you and I'm starting not to care. After all, how many times can someone reject you before you just give up?

Mel: So what are you saying?

Lindsay: That perhaps it's best for both of us and for Gus and the baby if we aren't together. That we stop putting each other through needless hell, trying to repair something which obviously can't be fixed.

Mel: I think you're right.

Lindsay: I'll stay until after the baby's born.

[On the bus. Deb's showing off her ring to anyone who'll look.]

Debbie: [to Hunter. Showing her hands with the ring] How those lemon bars? Aren't they to die for?

Michael: Ma, would you sit down and stop showing off?

Debbie: I'm allowed! How many times in your life do you get an engagement ring?

Guy: Elizabeth Taylor, eight times. Twice from Richard Burton. Jennifer Lopez three, Julia Roberts four.

Debbie: Thank you! You know what I mean! When a man gives you a ring it's special! It's meaningful.

Michael: Well, I wouldn't know.

Ben: Maybe it's time you found out.

Michael: Found out what?

Ben: Michael Novotny, you are the man I've been looking for all my life. I am so very blessed to have found you. Which is why I'm asking you to do me the honor of accepting my hand in marriage.

[Ben pulls out a box with a ring. Mikey looks at him like he done lost his mind.]

Ben: We're going to Toronto! g*y marriage is not only accepted, it's legal. And like you said, that's what two people do when they love each other, right?

Michael: I don't know what to say!

Ben: "Yes" would be good.

[At It's party time at Keller's house and "Happy Birthday" written in cocaine on the glass table. Everybody's drinking toasts and doing toots.]

Brett: Hey! Justin!

[He hugs him.]

Brett: I could give you a line the party's to welcome you to LA, but it's a birthday bash for my friend Malcolm. He just won an Oscar for scoring his first film.

Justin: Your house is amazing.

[Justin hasn't looked this impressed]

Brett: Yeah, I call it the house that V Men built. Soon you'll have a house that Rage built. Joseph, Mr. Taylor will be staying with us for a few days. Would you take his bag to the guest house? (He takes Justin by the arm, leads him back to the party) I have a butler, just like Bruce Wayne! Let's get you a drink. Meeting's all set for Thursday at the studio. We'll go by my office tomorrow and I'll show you some of the storyboards we've come up with.

[They clink glasses. A guy calls down from the balcony.]

Guy: Brettski!

Brett: Hey, Conor. I thoughed you couldn't make it. This is Justin Taylor. He created Rage.

Conor: Let me tell you. Brett's obsessed with your comic.

Brett: Justin, this is Conor James. He calls himself an actor.

Conor: A few others do, too.

Justin: Including me. I think you're great.

Conor: Thanks!

Brett: What would you think of Con for Rage?

Justin: He'd - I mean you would be wonderful.

Conor: Get me a script when you have it.

[He walks off.]

Justin: Is he - ?

Brett: Of course not! Conor's as straight as they come. He's out bangin' b*tches every night.

[They look down the balcony into the living room where Conor's sucking face with a guy.]
[The Big Yellow School Bus makes it to Toronto and the g*ng check out Church Street.]

Ben: There is the sky tower!

Debbie: And there is the dome!

Ted: The Church Street. According to the Danron Guide it's the center of g*y life in Toronto, from its colorful neighborhood bar, Moosie's, to its thumpa-thumpa dance club Gomorrha.

Emmett: Let's go to Gomorrha. Sounds hot!

Debbie: It's probably the only place in Toronto that is. I've frigging freezing!

Michael: You're probably going to think I'm crazy, but you know what this street reminds me of?

Debbie: Liberty Avenue!

Emmett: All those men, queens and drag queens.

Ben: Pretty the same, there you go.

Ted: Hey, here is Moosie's!

Debbie: Good, get here and get warm.

Hunter: Drinks are on me!

Ben: Wait.

Michael: You have a can to dry.

Ben: Beside how old are you?

Hunter: I say that I used to say, "How old you would like me to be?"

[Inside Moosie's looks exactly like Woody's.]

Debbie: I don't know about you, but I'm havin' a g*y-ja vu!

Ted: You too?

Ben: Make it three!

Michael: It really reminds me of...

All: Woody's!

Michael: The strangest thing of all is I keep expecting Brian to walk in.

[And guess what? Brian does walk in!]

Brian: Molson's?

Debbie: Brian!

Brian: Calm down, keep your pants on! (Checking out guy) Or not!

Michael: How did you get here?

Brian: Mikey, did no one ever tell you? In 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the Wright Brothers invented this thing called -

Ted: Flight!

Debbie: What are you doing here?

Brian: The Liberty Ride begins here, am I correct?

Ben: So you came to cheer us on?

Brian: Exactly, Professor. I cashed in 25,000 frequent flyer miles so I could come here and be your cheerleader. I'm going on the ride. I'm busting it up for charity same as you.

Emmett: That sounds so familiar. This is Jaune-Claude, he's french.

Jaune-Claude: Bonsvar.

Emmett: He's very kind to offer how Canadian's keep warming up. [he see's Ted's pissed face] But I said, sorry, Jeane-Claude but as much as I loved to I'm apparently here with Ted. So show somebody else how you stick together. Aurevior.

[There's a male stripper onstage.]

Michael: [to the bartender] What's goin' on?

Bartender: Oh it's Pit, he's 32 years of g*y marriage.

[Two old guys who look like they came out of Brian's nightmare at the beginning of 408 are getting married after being together for 32 years. Mikey stands around looking sulky. Brian goes to him. He kisses him on his back.]

Michael: I'm glad you decided to come, but I don't know how the hell you're gonna be able to make it.

Brian: Oh, I might just surprise you.

Michael: Thanks, but I've had enough surprises. Ben proposed.

Brian: Proposed what?

Michael: Marriage. It's legal for us to get married up here in Toronto.

Brian: I believe I read that somewhere. Well, I hope that while he was down on his knees, he did something useful!

Michael: It was beautiful and heartfelt.

Brian: I'm sure. But you declined, of course, because deep down, you still love me best.

Michael: I didn't give him an answer yet.

Brian: What's stopping you? Besides the fact that it's the most pathetic idea I've ever heard!

Michael: It just so happens that a lot of g*y men want to get married.

Brian: Darling, have you seen them? And since when did you ever have the least interest in getting married?

Michael: I didn't! But not because I didn't want to. But because I never thought I could. It wasn't a story I told myself like straight kids did, you know, that someday I'd meet that special person and we'd fall in love and have a big wedding. It was never real for me! Then all this stuff started happening in Massachusetts and California and here -

Brian: And suddenly a whole wide world of wonderful opportunity just opened up. Flowers and rice and registering at Pottery Barn. Not to mention an acrimonious divorce and an ugly settlement and having your kid hate you. Listen to me. Are you listening?

Michael: I'm listening!

Brian: We're q*eer. We don't need marriage. We don't need the sanction of dickless politicians and pederast priests. We f*ck who we want to, when we want to. That is our God-given right.

Michael: But it's also our God-given right to have everything that straight people have. Because we're every bit as much human as they are!

Brian: You're a writer! Rewrite the story.

[Michael goes to Ben. They've looking at the old pair]

Ben: This is touching, don't you think?

Michael: I do. - I do. Ben, you heard what I said?

Ben: Yeah, I heard you, you just said -

[They kiss.]

[Justin and Brett Keller take a meeting at the office of Fenderman, the studio exec.]

Brett: I'm gonna need Stage 7 for Rage's lair and the entire back lot to build Gayopolis.

Fenderman: There are a few other pictures we'd like to sh**t here.

Brett: This is the only one that I'm directing.

Fenderman: Ha-ha! Ya punk! You sound like I've already given you the green light.

Brett: So? What's stopping you?

Fenderman: The price tag, for starters! This little epic of yours is gonna cost me a f*cking fortune!

Brett: You can afford it. My last picture made you $250 million!

Fenderman: This one's different. A g*y superhero?

Brett: The world's ready for it!

Fenderman: Maybe your world, but not Topeka.

Brett: If it's good, if it's got a big enough star, if you hype the sh*t out of it, they'll go. Right? Guys?

[Silence from the other two at the meeting.]

Fenderman: Looks pretty grim and depressing to me. Who wants to see a kid get his head bashed in? What about all the sex, blowjobs, butt-f*cking on every page?

Brett: It's something the audience has never seen before!

Fenderman: What makes you think they want to see it now? The concession stand's gonna have a hell of a time selling Hershey bars! Look. You wanna go with a g*y thing, you're gonna cut back on the a*s business. And it's gotta be cheerier. And why does your hero have to be so f*cking arrogant?

Justin: Excuse me, Mr. Fenderman, but our comic book was conceived that way for a reason. Because a lot of the sh*t that g*y people go through is grim. I ought to know. I'm a kid who got his head bashed in. As far as the a*s business, getting your butt f*cked is one of the great pleasures and privileges of being g*y. If you haven't experienced it yourself, I recommend it. As far as Rage is concerned, just because he has no apologies for who he is and no regrets about his life doesn't make him arrogant. It makes him honest. And brave. So despite your concerns, we prefer to be true to our original vision. Rage wouldn't expect anything less.

[Ben and Mikey's Wedding.]

Minister: We are here to joining the ceremony Mr.Michael Novotny and Mr.Benjamin Bruckner.

[Ted, Emmett and Deb are crying.]

Debbie: Christ, these tissues were mines. [she give them to Emmett and Ted.]

Minister: Dear Michael, promised to love, respect and cherished Ben and be his true and faithful husband?

Michael: I do.

Minister: And dear Ben, promised to love, respect and cherished Michael and be his true and faithful husband?

[a short break.]

Hunter: Say do, dude!

[all laughs]

Ben: I do.

Minister: If anyone knows one reason why these two people should not be joint in marriage speak now or for ever hold your piece.

[Cut to Brian. He opens his mouth.]

Debbie: If you say one word, you can hold more than one of your piece.

[he shouts his mouth.]

Minister: The rings, please.

[Hunter give it to them. They share the rings.]

Minister: Now by the propriance of the territory I pronounce you to be legally married.

[They kiss each other. All applauds.]

Debbie: I'm not losing a son. I'm gaining a - son!

Michael: You're next, Ma!

[Ted's still sniffling.]

Emmett: God, you barely shed a tear at Mel and Lindz's ceremony.

Ted: Well, they're d*kes, for chrissakes. Shake hands and go bowling! How much can you get choked up? Anyway, it's not just

for Michael and Ben. If things had been different, maybe -

Emmett: No point in beating yourself up, Teddy. We're still friends, aren't we? Which means we'll be together a lot longer than

most marriages!

[Now it's time for the Liberty Ride kick-off. Deb mother-hens everybody, as usual.]

Debbie: You boys stick together, alright? And look out for each other.

Michael: We will, ma.

Debbie: sh*t, I just called you boys. You're married men now. Go on, before I start bawling.

[Brian rides up on his bike.]

Brian: Did someone mention bawling?

Debbie: Take it easy, you hear me? And don't act like some f*ck' superhero.

Brian: Yes, mother.

[He kisses her on the cheek.]

Debbie: OK. I'll be on the food wagon, keeping an eye out for all of you!

Speaker: Riders, are you ready? Liberty Ride starts right now!

[Liberty Ride 2004 officially begins. There's a sign on back of Ben and Mikey's bikes that says "Just married."]

END OF EPISODE

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